

SEA SIGNALS.

THE LIGHTS AND SOUNDS THAT GUIDE THE MARINER.

Flashing Lanterns and Hugh Trumpets—Bells That Toll in the Fog—Origin and Extent of Our Lighthouse Service.

EVERYBODY knows what a lighthouse is, and has a general notion of the devices employed to assist navigators, but there are very few, probably outside of the mariners themselves, who realize the tremendous development of the lighthouse service of the world, and how the complete system of the present day has been brought to its present stage by the application of scientific principles and the results of ingenious investigation.

What a vast advantage has the mariner of to-day with all of the modern aids and appliances to direct his course, over the ancient navigator who had to rely upon the stars, or the chance lights upon dark coasts. The light stations of the world to-day are almost as numerous as the visible stars and planets.

The employment of lights to guide the navigator may be traced back to the earliest times. Nightly a beacon flamed from the tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, and the Colossus of Rhodes, like the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, upheld a signal light. The real prototype of the modern light towers is the Pharos of Alexandria, erected 285 years before Christ. The Roman conquerors of Britain and France set up light towers along the coasts, but the oldest that exists to the present time is that of Coruna, Spain, built in Trajan's reign, and reconstructed in 1634.

The grandest lighthouse in existence is also one of the most ancient—that at the mouth of the Gironde, in the Bay of Biscay, built in the reign of Henry IV. The tower is 197 feet high, contains a chapel and a series of galleries beautified with pilasters and friezes. A new era in the building of lighthouses began with the construction of the wonderful work on the Eddystone rock off Plymouth, England, completed in 1759. There, almost for the first time, was adopted the expedient, now generally employed, of dovetailing, laterally and vertically, the courses of rock which, when covered with hydraulic cement, give absolute solidity to the masonry. Other lighthouses in Great Britain are the Bell Rock, with a tower 100 feet high; the Skerryvore Rock, off the coast of Scotland, which cost nearly half a million dollars; and the Bishop Rock, off Scilly, 145 feet high.

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Previous to 1840 the lighthouses were either conical towers of rubble stone masonry or wooden frame towers erected on top of the keeper's house. In 1847 the construction of six lighthouses was ordered by Congress and executed by the topographical engineers of the army. They adopted the iron pile system and made many improvements in the foundation and frame work. It has required the best engineering skill to overcome all the difficulties presented by the physical obstacles to a firm and permanent



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with a range of twenty statute miles. The foundation piles, of twelve-inch wrought iron, rest centrally on iron disks eight feet in diameter and penetrate the rock ten feet. The piles stand at the centre and angles of an octagon which is fifty-six feet across, and are braced together by iron ties. The frame work of hollow iron shafts rises in six sections, pyramidal in shape. The keeper's dwelling is in the second section, and is of boiler iron, lined with wood. The cost of the structure, with illuminating apparatus, was \$120,000.

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A BUOY ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

which are sometimes used in lightships are adapted to harbors and short channels because the effective range of the sound they emit is under 600 yards. The use of cannon has been superseded to a large extent by other appliances, except as signals of distress. Rockets charged with gun cotton, exploded at a height say, of 1000 feet, make a noise audible at a distance of twenty-five miles. Bells weighing from 300 to 3000 pounds are used at many of the light stations. They are operated by clockwork, but are not considered as efficient signals on the sea coast, where the sound is drowned by the noise of the surf. The whistling buoy is a curious and noisy contrivance which generally makes itself heard. It consists of an iron pear-shaped bulb, twelve feet wide as its largest part, and sticking up twelve feet out of the water. A tube thirty-two feet long runs thirty-three under the control of the Lighthouse Board, one being located in the Gulf off Southwest Pass. The great difficulty is to keep these vessels stationary. Some are moored in the open sea and furnished with powerful lights and fog signals, in spite of which they are frequently run into by passing ships. As these boats cost upwards of \$60,000, and are expensive to maintain, it is deemed economical to replace them whenever possible by lighthouses. As aids to navigation are required not only on the sea and in harbors, but also on rivers, the Government maintains numerous lights on the great waterways of the country. Two thousand miles of the Mississippi River are lighted in this way.

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Numerous experiments have been made with illuminants to determine the penetrative power of their lights, but in fog all lights are useless, and hence other means have to be employed to take the place of lights in heavy weather. The invention and application of fog signals constitute a very interesting branch of the lighthouse service. Of the devices employed may be mentioned gongs, guns, rockets, sirens, trumpets, steam whistles, bell buoys, whistling buoys, and bells struck by machinery. Gongs less than those of the other classes. One erected in 1880 on Paris Island, S. C., which is the most economical

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The lighthouse establishment of the United States is under the control of the Treasury Department, and the Secretary of the Treasury is ex-officio President of the Board, of which the Chairman is generally a rear admiral. Among the members of the board are two officers of the navy, two officers of the corps of engineers, two civilians of scientific attainments, and an officer of the navy and an officer of the engineers as Secretaries. There are sixteen lighthouse districts, in each of which there is an officer of the navy as inspector and an officer of the engineers as lighthouse engineer.

The keepers of lighthouses were appointed by the earlier Presidents, but, as they became more numerous, nominations were made by collectors of customs, and the appointments made by the Secretary of the Treasury. The nominations are, however, always to be passed upon by the Lighthouse Board, and an examination by an inspector generally precedes the final appointment. The salaries are very small, considering the nature of the service rendered, and its importance. The compensation of keepers ranges from \$100 to \$1000 per year. The keeper must be between eighteen and fifty years of age, and possessed of a knowledge of reading, writing and accounts, and have some mechanical ability. They are furnished with quarters for themselves, and in certain cases for their families, and with fuel and rations. As a lighthouse keeper naturally has a good deal of time on his hands, he is supplied with a library of instructing and entertaining books, containing about fifty volumes. At regular intervals this library is exchanged for another and forwarded to the next station. The Lighthouse Board has nearly 600 of such libraries in circulation. The first regularly appointed lighthouse keeper in this country was George Worthylake, who was keeper of the Lighthouse on Little Brewster Island in 1716 at \$250 per year.

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The gentleman was making business calls, and his funkies were there in ordinary dress, or what those country designated as morning clothes. Possibly he makes social calls in his hansom with funkies in livery.

Others of these vehicles have since been noticed on the street, and it is learned that a large manufactory in the suburbs has been started to rush them on the market.

ONE MAN'S QUEER FANCY.

A NEW YORKER'S WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

They Number More Than 1300, and Were Gathered From All Parts of the World.

ONE New Yorker has made towels a fad, and he has gathered from all parts of the world an unparalleled assortment of them. Benjamin B. Davenport, a lawyer, better known as the publisher of several books, is the possessor of this unique collection, and at his home at Asbury Park he proudly displays his store of the towels of all nations, which number 1312.

Mr. Davenport has been engaged for twenty years in the amassing of this bizarre exhibit, which includes towels of cotton, wool, linen and silk. He has been ably assisted by many of his friends. To the acquaintances departing for distant lands Davenport has been wont to say: "Send me a towel from Madagascar," or "While you are in Patagonia, pick me up one of the native towels."

By far the greater part of the collection was picked up in the hotels of the United States by Mr. Davenport personally. They vary in size and texture. A thin, sleazy cotton rag, through which one might read a newspaper, bears the startling legend indelibly stamped across its limp surface: "Stolen from the Occidental Hotel, Leadville, Colorado." It is evident that the miners had formed the habit of carrying off the towels to use as shirt fronts.

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There are towels that are as small as napkins, and towels that would answer for bedspreads. Some are as soft to the touch as the fluffy bosom of the eider down, and others could be used to grate horseradish upon.

There are dainty French towels and heavy, square German towels, soft Italian towels that give forth a faint odor of garlic; cold, heavily starched towels that come from England; a Scotch towel that is made of tweed; an Irish towel of unbleached linen that will take off the cuticle as if it were made of emery paper; towels from the South Sea Islands that are not towels, but are cocoa mats; a carefully dressed chamois-skin which came from the Alps; a jeans towel from Indiana; a homespun towel from Kentucky; a Japanese towel of fibrous paper, and a heavy silk towel once owned by Adelina Patti.

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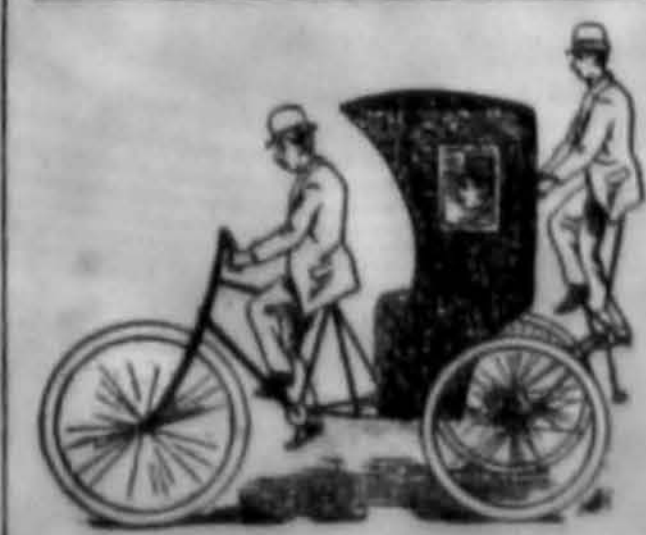
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est notice.

Successors of G. F. Crum-
mett, who is employed by the firm.

L. C. BARTLETT,

PAINTER,

PAPER HANGING,

FRESKO WORK.

SIGN PAINTER.

GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction
of Main Street and Dusty Ave-
nue, opposite the postoffice.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands.
Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21
years in the business. Correspondence
solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Al-
exander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Reilly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles
from Marlinton on Greenbrier Riv-
er, this County. This farm is well
adapted to farming or grazing.
About 80 acres improved, and
about 270 acres unimproved; a
greater part of this is finely timbered
with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and
terms reasonable. A good bargain
offered. For further particulars
call on or address **URIAH BIRD,**
Marlinton, W. Va.

Money Needed.

All persons indebted to me will
please call at once and settle.
Your account is ready and you will
perhaps save yourself trouble and
cost by complying with this re-
quest. I cannot give further indul-
gence. Yours Respectfully,

S. W. HOLT.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves
to be indebted to me either by note
or account, will please come in and
settle up. We cannot wait always
on our customers for money, but
must have money to pay on debts.
Respectfully,

MOORE & HANNAH,

Edray, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

\$10.00 Size of Camera 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 x 6 1/4 in.
Size of Picture 4 x 5 in.

The

Folding

KODET

Junior.

A practical camera with which a mere novice can
readily learn to make the best photographs.
Fully equipped for hand or tripod work.
Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible
finder with focusing plate; ground glass for
fine focusing; improved shutter; tripod sockets
for vertical or horizontal views. Self contained
when closed; handsomely finished and covered
with leather.

Value, with double photo holder,
developing and printing outfit,
and Kodak for film (not included),

\$10.00

1.50

10.00

Send for

Catalogue.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workman-
ship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day - - - 1.00

per meal - - - 25

lodging - - - 25

Good accommodations for horses
at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or
month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-
Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses brok-
ed to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,

Marlinton W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. VA.

Incorporated March, 1869.

Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL,

MARLINTON W. VA.

In

Poor

Health

means so much more than

you imagine—serious and

fatal diseases result from

trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's

greatest gift—health.

Brown's

Iron

Bitters

If you are feeling
out of sorts, weak
and generally ex-
hausted, nervous,
have no appetite
and can't work,
begin at once tak-
ing the most reli-
able strengthening
medicine which is
Brown's Iron Bit-
ters. A few bot-
tles cure—benda-
comes from the
very first dose—
don't waste your
money, and it's
pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver

Neuralgia, Troubles,

Constipation, Bad Blood

Malaria, Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red
lines on the wrapper. All others are
imitations. On receipt of two of these
you will send out of the beautiful world's
fair views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Attention Confederates.

All Confederate Camps and ex-
Confederates in this State, will
please take notice, that a Re union
of such Camps and individual Con-
federates will be held under the
auspices of Stonewall Jackson
Camp C. V. at Charleston, Kan-
awha county, W. Va.,

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 24,

For the purpose of discussing and
maturating plans for the establish-
ment of a "HOME" in this State
for helpless and homeless Confed-
erate Veterans.

Without more formal or further
notice, all Confederate Camps in
the State are requested to send
Representatives to this meeting,
and all individual Confederates are
requested to attend, or that they
will get together in counties where
there is no regular organization and
send representatives, so that every
county in the State will be repre-
sented.

All the newspapers in the State
are requested to donate enough of
their time and space to publish this
notice until the day of meeting and
to call attention to it editorially.

Let there be a full attention to
inaugurate this worthy and chrit-
able work for our helpless Comrades,
on a sure and permanent founda-
tion.

S. S. GREEN, COMMANDER.

And Chairman Executive Com-
mittee.

A Fatal Shooting.

A young Mr. Riddle and two other
gentlemen of Franklin, W. Va.,
were out from town a short distance
hunting, the day before Christmas,
and while creeping through some
very thick under brush, a Winches-
ter rifle in the hands of the gentle-
man nearest to Mr. Riddle caught
on a brush and was discharged.
The ball entered Mr. Riddle's head
just behind the ear, tearing a large
hole clear through his head, killing
him instantly. This was indeed a
sad accident, and the two young
men, when they saw what had been
done, were wild with grief.—*High-
land Recorder.*

Wanted - A Reliable Boy.

In every city and town to send
his name and address on a postal
card, if able to devote a few hours
in special work for us in his local-
ity. No canvassing. Experience
not required, simple energy and
faithfulness. Good remuneration.
Name one or more references.
Address **COBBETT & CO., 723**
SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
PA.

*The Man, of Alderson, will be-
gin publication anew this week
under the auspices of a reliable
publisher. Mr. A. O. Houston
will be the editor, we are informed,
with S. A. Houston as proprietor,
and H. P. Mohler publisher. The
Man made things warm last fall,
and no doubt will help to thaw out
the snow-bank in which the
Watchman's candidates were en-
tombled on November 6th. It's
mighty rough sledding for the party
that gets in its way.—Ronce-
verle News.*

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county mak-
ing Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to
eat, and lay in your season's
supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good
and you will price goods to
your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters
are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give
the public the means of buying
everything in the grocery
line. Orders from a dis-
tance given special
attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Fugue Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pains.

Sold Everywhere, Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain!

What is

CASTORIA

**Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.**

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,

Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
far distant when mothers will consider the real
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
stead of the various quack nostrums which are
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Knicker,

Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's depart-
ment have spoken highly of their experi-
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,
and although we only have among our
medical supplies what is known as regular
products, yet we are free to confess that the
merits of Castoria has won us to look with
favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,

Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie
on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start
and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have
ever handled in my merchantile experience.

**I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER
THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.**

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,

GEN L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

GREAT BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
**LIGHTNING
HOT DROPS.**

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Wags, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO REFUSE, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Exclusively of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Some to the Times Office for Next Job Work.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 27.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court, G. E. Beard,
(G. M. Kee,
A. Barlow.
County Surveyors, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock; Charles Cook, Split
Rock; H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,
Ivanmore; G. R. Curry, Academy;
Thomas Bruffey, Lebelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBuckle,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Younger's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FRONT, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

THE incorporation of Marlinton has been a subject of discussion for over two years. Lately our contemporary has been pushing the question with very commendable zeal. He misquoting us in a late leader. We had said that it would not be "very just to incorporate without the consent of the company which owns the town" and added, "not to say safe." This is twisted by him into "the scheme is not judicious or safe," and refers to the "position taken" by us. A position is exactly what we have not taken. We have suggested it during the time mentioned above, but no one ever has taken enough interest in the scheme to put it to a vote, up to the present time. This should be done at once. If a half-a-dozen citizens would stand as promoters of the incorporation, there need be no especial expense attached to it, and none whatever if the incorporation is consummated. The steps to be taken are laid down in the Code: There must be one hundred persons, and the boundary not less than one quarter of one square mile. The persons seeking incorporation must cause to be made an accurate map of the territory by a practical surveyor. Also an accurate census shall be taken, verified by affidavit of the census taker. The map and census must be left at some place of access for at least four weeks. Then a notice shall be published for four weeks of the foregoing matters, and that on a certain day a vote shall be taken. We are sure that such notice will be donated by either of the papers of Marlinton, in the event the petitioners fail, at least. The voters when assembled choose three commissioners, and all duly qualified voters who have been bona fide residents of the village six months before any charter election, are voters of that village. If a majority of the qualified voters residing within the boundary come out and vote for incorporation, it is so certified to the Circuit Court, which grants a certificate of incorporation. The only construction to be put on this section is that the voters not voting are counted as voting against incorporation. Then comes the election of officers. Seven of the town officers must be freeholders, and, count as we would, only six were to be found on the East side of the river, eligible to hold office. This is not counting an English gentleman, not naturalized. Before there is any more palaver on this subject, steps should be taken to make an issue.

THE present generation is famous among many other things for close calculations and accurate researches. A Genoese journalist to have something original for the Columbian year, undertook to estimate what it cost to discover America in 1492. Columbus had an annual salary of three hundred and thirty-three dollars. The captains in charge of the Nina and Pinta received one hundred and eighty dollars each. The sailors were paid each two and a half dollars per month. The outfit cost two thousand and eight hundred dollars. Total about seven thousand and five hundred dollars. Voyages of discovery are vastly more costly now.

Don't sit in a draught. If you do the doctor will in all probability be the one to catch it.

To the Teachers.

Supt. Barlow gives them a Gentle Reminder. A Word to the Wise.

To the Teachers of Pocahontas County:—The time is now at hand when many of you are engaged in the preparation of your term report to the Secretaries of the Board of Education, and to secure that accuracy and completeness of detail so necessary, is the object of this letter.

The State Superintendent says that almost every mail brings to his office letters of inquiry from the office of the National Commissioner of Education, or from various institutions, states, and nations, regarding our State educational work, and to these interrogatives the department is often unable to make intelligent reply because of the failure or neglect of those charged with the duty of supplying the desired information. We want the report of our schools to be accurate and complete. Reports, blanks, etc., are prepared and distributed to the teachers, and there is not a blank but what should be filled, not an item to be omitted. The Legislature has made ample provision for collecting and placing the State in possession of valuable information, by furnishing blanks, etc., and the law must, therefore, be enforced by all whose duty it is to see that it is enforced.

The Secretary of the Board of Education is prohibited by law from paying to a teacher his last month's salary until said teacher has delivered to him (the Secretary) a properly kept term register.

Section 8 of the School Law requires the Secretary of the Board to make an annual report to the County Superintendent, but the Secretary cannot make a correct report unless he has received from the teachers reports which are "full and complete."

"Statistics are worthless unless accurate, and the large sum of money expended by the State in printing and distributing the same is a waste if they are not correct in every particular."

Section 19 of the School Law requires the teacher in each sub-district, before the close of his school and not later than the 1st of April in each year, to make an enumeration of all school youths resident in his sub-district. If your school closes after April 1st, make this report on a separate blank that will be furnished you by the Secretary of the Board of Education. The teacher should secure an accurate enumeration, because the distribution of the State school fund is based upon it.

THE GRADE SHEET.

It is the duty of every teacher in the county to properly prepare the grade sheet, and, together with the term register, return it to the Secretary of the Board of Education. The good effect of the entire work of grading our schools will be largely lost unless the grade sheet is properly filled and filed with the Secretary of the district in which the school is situated. See that your work on the grade sheet is accurate for without accuracy it is worthless. Remember that your grade sheet goes into the hands of your successor, and he will rely upon it in classifying his school. Therefore be sure that your work is correct.

I will gladly assist you in any way I can in the earnest work you are doing for the advancement of education, and with the hope that you are having a successful year as teachers, I am most obediently yours,
D. L. BARLOW,
County Superintendent.

Edray, W. Va., January 14, 1895.

A PRIZE of one guinea offered for the best definition of "life," was given to the person who said, "Life, a trial trip before the launch into eternity."

Pocahontas in 1823.

The extract printed below is from a letter written by Col. J. Howe Peyton, the first commonwealth's attorney of this county, on his first visit to Huntersville, at the first term of the "Superior Court" which was held after the formation of the county. The two buildings, which he speaks of, were situated on the site of Mr. C. R. Moore's house. The county in 1830 contained 2,542 people. Col. Peyton traveled with Judge Stuart from Staunton, and as his letter shows, he was considerably impressed with the crudeness of the manner of living west of the Allegheny:

"On Tuesday at two o'clock we arrived at Huntersville, the seat of Justice of Pocahontas county—a place as much out of the world as Crim Tartary. Owing to the bad condition of the roads we were much fatigued and bore many marks of travel-stain. The so-called town of Huntersville consists of two illy-constructed time-worn, (though it is not time which has worn them,) weather-beaten cabins built on logs and covered with clapboards. My negro cabins on Jackson's river are palaces in comparison with them.

"One of these wretched hovels is the residence of John Bradshaw, the other is called the loom-house for these people are self-sustaining. They spin and weave. The big wheel and the little wheel are birring in every hut and throwing off the woolen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-spun cloth, too, is stronger and more durable than that brought by our merchants from Northern manufacturers.

"In Bradshaw's dwelling there is a large fire-place, which occupies one entire side, the gable end. The chimney is enormous and so short that the room is filled with light which enters this way. It is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape through the chimney, whilst most of the smoke is driven back into the chamber. In the chimney-corner I prepared my legal papers before a roaring fire, surrounded by rough mountaineers, who were drinking whiskey and as night advanced, growing riotous. In the back part of the room two beds were curtained off with horse-blankets—one for the Judge and one for myself. To the left of the fire-place stood old Bradshaw's couch. In the loft, to which they ascended, by means of a ladder, his daughter and the hired woman slept, and at times of a crowd, a wayfarer. The other guests were sent to sleep in the loom-house, in which was suspended in the loom, a half-woven piece of cloth. Three beds were disposed about the room, which completed its appointments—one was allotted to Sampson Mathews, a second to John Baxter, the third to George Mays, and John Brown. The loom was used as a hat-rack at night and for sitting on, in the absence of chairs, in the day. As there was not a chair or stool beyond those used by the weaving women, my clients roosted on the loom while detailing their troubles and receiving advice.

"Bradshaw's table is well supplied. There is profusion, if not prodigality in the rich, lavish bounty of the goodly tavern. We had no venison, as this is a shy season with the deer, but excellent mutton with plenty of apple sauce, peach pie, and roasting ears. As a mark of deference and respect to the Court, I presumed, we had a table-cloth—they are not often seen on Western tables and when they are, are not innocent of color—and clean sheets upon our beds. This matter of the sheets is no small affair in out of the way places, as it not unfrequently happens that wanderers communicate disease through the bedclothing. Old Bradshaw's family is scrupulously clean, which is somewhat remarkable in a region where cleanliness

is for the most part on the outside. A false modesty seems to prevent those salutary ablutions which are so necessary to health, and I did not commend myself to the good graces of the hired woman by insisting on my foot-bath every morning.

"We remained five days at Huntersville closely engaged in the business of the Court, which I found profitable. Pocahontas is a fine grazing county, and the support of the people is mainly derived from their flocks cattle, horses and sheep, which they drive over the mountains to market. There is little money among them except after these excursions, but they have little need of it—every want is supplied by the happy country they possess, and of which they are as fond as the Swiss of their mountains. It is a pretty country, a country of diversified and beautiful scenery in which there is a wealth of verdure and variety which keeps the attention alive and the outward eye delighted."

SEVERAL books of fiction, written for an ethical or moral purpose, seem to have an unprecedented circulation. This indicates that there is an intense yearning for sympathy and instruction on the part of thousands of intelligent, serious people, struggling in the confused twilight that dims the questions of the hour, how to correct social wrongs sustained by social customs. The reader's sympathies are deeply aroused when it is seen that too often it is trusting, confiding women who may be made as it were the moral scapegoat, and as such may be sent into the wilderness to expiate the sins of man. Then, too, the reader's indignation is appealed to in behalf of those jilted by their special friends, when their opportunities for marriage are numbered, and so left to long, loveless lives and unaided battles with the world. Such reading is destitute of faith in Higher wisdom shaping human rough-hewn purposes to a nobler end beyond our earthly vision, and so leaves its votaries without the beams of a higher hope to assist them to win triumphs and evolve light out of darkness, and right out of wrongs. The result will be that ere long it will be asked "who will show us any good?" Then books illustrating the old but ever new necessity of subduing instinctive passion to law, by which the spiritual regeneration of each man and woman will be most happily assured, such books will then be in the fashion.

WHILE the city of Elkins may not be the capital of the State, for which there are aspirations, yet there is no doubt of there being an immense amount of capital represented by the citizens. The home of Mr. Elkins cost two hundred thousand; near by the home of Hon. Henry G. Davis rated at one hundred and ten thousand; and that of Mr. Kerens in the vicinity costing ninety thousand dollars. The computed wealth of the three residents amounts to one hundred and twenty million dollars.

ONE of the most popular songs among our singing people is "The West Virginia Hills." It may interest some to learn that the writer of these beautiful lines is the wife of the Rev. H. D. King, pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Vineland, New Jersey. Mr. King, a short time since, spent some weeks in our state conducting continued religious services.

SEE TIMES OFFICE for job work.

There are fewer deaths by railway accidents in Persia than in any other country.

The French have invented an occult science of arithmetic which they call "arithmomancy."

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 300,000,000 people.

The number of American horses in Italy, England, France, Germany and Russia is already quite large, is rapidly increasing, and the result of crossing them with the native stock has already proved far more satisfactory than almost any one anticipated.

From a tabular statement published in the Japan Gazette it appears that Japan has altogether 39,601 doctors, of whom only 10,553 are qualified on modern principles; the rest, over two-thirds of the total, being old stagers of the purely native school, the champions of frogs' toenails and burnt joss paper.

There are 20,000 woman cycle riders in New York and New England alone. If possible, the latter staid and conservative locality is more wheel mad than New York, maintains the Dispatch. The enthusiasm has spread to the tiniest towns, and a little mountain hamlet of 300 or 500 souls will have its quota of wheel women.

It is said that horses are cheaper in Idaho, just now, than anywhere else in the world. Ordinary unbroken, ranch-bred horses have been sold at auction, in Boise City, during the last summer at seventy-five cents a head, and horses broken to harness and the saddle as low as \$2.50, although, as a farmer remarked, "if you want a good team they are surprisingly scarce."

To reach the north pole, an architect, M. Hauin, has proposed to the Geographical Society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

The sacred cattle of India take more readily to American ways than do the people of that land, according to the caretakers of the National quarantine for cattle at Garfield, N. J., where there is a small herd of the animals, imported for Oliver H. P. Belmont. Said one of these men: "Mr. Belmont sent over for the cattle some of the native feed. It is a grain or berry which when ground up resembles ground chicory. The cattle ate it all right, but after a few days here they became sickly. The superintendent gave them some Yankee feed, on which they immediately began to thrive, and now they won't touch the feed sent over with them."

Among the reasons for the almost uninterrupted success of Japan in prosecuting the present war with China is the spirit of sacrifice and generosity exhibited by her people. Voluntary contributions amounting to almost \$15,000,000 have been received by the Government. The Bank of the Nobility, which has given \$1,000,000 outright, has also placed \$15,000,000, interest free, at the disposal of the authorities. The noblemen and wealthy merchants have been most patriotic, and a number of them have contributed more than \$100,000 each. Victory under such conditions is comparatively easy and certain. Public spirit in China with reference to the unfortunate conflict presents a melancholy contrast. Unhappily for the Chinese, the same spirit of indifference—to use no stronger word—seems to pervade a great part of the army and navy. Admiral Ting himself had to report that seven of his ships remained concealed during the fight on the Yalu; that several officers had to be court-martialed for cowardice, and that it was deemed essential to behind Captain Fong, who fled before the beginning of the battle. It appears to be a hopeless task for the Chinese to fight the demoralization in their forces.

GAINING WINGS.

A twig where hung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned wail," I said,
"You shall not struggle more!"
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the told wings!

—Edna D. Proctor, in Youth's Companion.

SAUNDERS'S ROMANCE.

SAUNDERS had read dime novels as a boy in New York. In the afternoons, as he came home from school he had bought them from some street corner vender of "penny dreadfuls," and had gazed over them as only a small boy, born and bred in a great city, can gaze over tales of the West. He had not been discriminating, of course, and had had a natural leaning toward the most blood-curdling recitals; but he had chosen always something in some way connected with army life.

The army was to him a beautiful dream, a highly varnished picture, and to be a part of it—a major part, of course, something like a General, or, at the very least, a Colonel—had been from the first his one ambition. But destiny, in the shape of parents of stern and old-fashioned mould, the kind that thought and accepted it as a convenient creed that, having inflicted life upon their offspring, they were entirely at liberty to ruin that life—this destiny ordained that he should have a profession other than that of arms; in short, that he should be a lawyer.

Now, Saunders was of an age to judge for himself, and he knew that he was not the stuff of which lawyers are made. Not the slightest vestige of eloquence had he, he was blunt and truthful to a degree. He disliked a lie for its own sake. All this and more he told his parents, but he was answered by the logic which has retarded the world's progress through so many generations, that they were older and therefore wiser; that he was their son, and they knew better what was good for him than he could possibly. Saunders, more from a sense of duty than a fear of being disinherited of his father's goodly estates, accepted their decision and began the reading of law.

About this time he chose for a chum a youth whose only possible recommendation must have been that he could boast of army relatives. He had visited in his shallow gossling days at a garrison, and was full of highly spiced tales regarding the wild daring and fascinations of a soldier's life. Saunders would drink in all these stories, and despite his valiant efforts to forget them and put temptation away, they would come back to him as he sat over the inexpressible stupid folios relating to the law.

One summer this chum of his invited Saunders to visit him at his country house on the Hudson. Saunders went and spent the happiest two weeks of his life. For it was there that he met Madge Kean, the bewitching little daughter of Colonel Kean, of the Tenth. Saunders caught his first glimpse of her as he walked with young Milton up the driveway. Madge was armed with a Florentine rifle, and was teaching the little son of the house how to aim and pull the trigger. There was something in her very pose, in the fact of her knowing how to shoot, that appealed to Saunders at once. He could not see her face, but, nevertheless, he said to Milton that she was a "mighty pretty girl." Milton replied with pardonable pride that the young lady was his cousin, had just come from the far West, was of the army, and a "mighty pretty little flirt." Therefore, before Saunders had even been introduced to the fair Madge, he was perilously near to being in love.

When he stood beside her and Milton was saying, "This is my chum, Saunders, Madge; Miss Kean, Mr. Saunders," when her bright eyes glanced at him from under her long lashes—just like an untamed Mustang—when she smiled and put out a hand all smelly with powder, Saunders thought her the most bewitching woman he had ever seen. And Madge, in her turn, made

note of the fact that Saunders was tall, blond and extremely handsome, with that unmistakable air of self-possession and refinement of a New York gentleman. She determined that she would be much better material to expend her fascinations on than that milk-sop of a cousin of hers. She was glad he had come, and said so. Saunders answered, in a tone which carried conviction, that he also was glad she had come, and Madge blushed through one of those clear, tanned skins which change color with every emotion. Not that she was shy and schoolgirlish in her blushes; they were not a result of timidity.

Cupid did not hit Saunders's heart with the traditional golden arrow this time. It was the tiny bullets of lead which went from the muzzle of the Florentine straight to the bull's-eye of the target that made the wounds which are inflicted sooner or later on every man. By the time the wee cartridge-box was empty Saunders was hopelessly smitten.

In the course of the next fortnight he came to that point where he would have even studied law with pleasure had she expressed an admiration for law students. But she did not. He had confided to her all his baffled ambitions; had told her how his soul yearned for shoulder-straps; and she, in turn, told him that the life of a soldier was the only one worth living.

He was too old for West Point; why didn't he try for a civil appointment? This had never occurred to him; he would think it over. He asked her some questions, and confided some of his ideas of garrison life to her. She laughed at them and told him that he was a "dear old tenderfoot." If it had not been for the tone of voice in which she said it, for the roguish, half fond glance from her Mustang eyes, Saunders would have been terribly cut up over that scornful word.

"Tenderfoot—tenderfoot," he! After all he had read on the subject. Could it be that his source of information was bad? He did not ask Madge this, however; he never put forth any of his ideas on the subject again, to her; asked for no further information; he knew he was missing golden opportunities for enlightenment, but he did not care to be laughed at. He was aware that nothing would so much injure him in her eyes as to make himself ridiculous. And Madge in that fortnight exerted, first, every charm she possessed, every power she could command, to bring him to her feet.

Having succeeded in this, she used quite as much skill in keeping him from asking her to marry him. She didn't want to be married; she didn't even want to be engaged, and he was only the pastime of a summer's jaunt. Nobody took such flirtations seriously; that is, nobody with any sense. If he couldn't see she was in fun it wasn't her fault, was it? She wasn't accountable for his being deficient in powers of preception, was she? A New York man ought to know how to take care of himself.

Well, the little summer play was over. Saunders went back to town with the secret determination to cut loose from the grind of the law reading to go into the army. He had not told Madge of this; somehow, looking back on it, he hadn't told her anything that he had meant to; he had been half afraid that she would laugh. It would never do to have her laugh.

Of course, there was a big row at his home when he announced his determination. But the breath of free air that he had drawn in from contact with Madge made him see that he should have something to say in the matter of his own career. Moreover, he had the strength of love to uphold him. He surprised his parents by asserting his freedom of action, and when they made it too disagreeable for his self-respect to allow him to stay under their roof he left it, with paternal and maternal maledictions following him. He started in to obtain a civil appointment, and learned more, before he realized his failure, of the nature of human beings and of the struggle for existence than he had ever known before.

It came about that he obtained no civil appointment, and he knew that his father had done his best, covertly, that he should not obtain it. This one thing he could not forgive. Meantime he longed for Madge with the whole power of his heart. He wrote to her and received no reply. So he supposed that she had not got his letter. The thought that she had ignored it did not come to him. The final refusal of a commission was a blow from which he did not recover for some days—he had lost heart for a time; but he read in an Army and Navy that Miss Kean had been despatched to the front. That afternoon he enlisted as a private soldier, and the next morning wore the blue.

This was not being a Colonel or a General, but men had risen from the ranks to sudden fame and honor in the books he had read; besides, he was at his last penny. A little wave of disgust ran over him as he learned that \$13 a month, with clothing, food and board, would be his share of the world's goods. He enlisted with that vague notion, which the average citizen of that day had, that officers and men inhabited peacefully the same quarters; that the barrack-room was a sort of happy-family cage, where

shoulder-straps and chevrons went side by side. He had not stopped to think that the West was wide, and that he might be assigned to a post several thousand miles from the one which his lady-love lighted with her presence. It was not until the deed was done that this came to him, and then he could only hope and pray.

As luck would have it, he was sent to the very post where Colonel Kean was stationed. This did not exactly surprise him; he took it as a matter of course that Providence should interfere in behalf of Saunders—of one of the handsomest and most popular fellows in his set. He wondered what his friends at home thought of his escapade. Then he settled down to the discomfort of second-class accommodations in a railway car. Fortunately for him, the garrison to which he was ordered happened to be very near to the railroad, and he was spared a cross-country trip of a hundred or two miles.

Words cannot paint the miseries that Saunders went through. They were not physical miseries, for he was well sheltered, well clothed, not overworked, and was spared the humiliation and pain of the raw recruit, who learns for the first time to bestride a bare-backed horse. Saunders was an old hand at steepchase, and had little to learn, save a few technicalities.

He did not even see Madge for three days, but was induced to overcome his predetermination to call upon her. He saw within an hour after he had stepped upon the reservation that he would hardly be welcome. It was bad enough not to be able to see his divinity; it was infinitely worse when, at last, he met her. She gave a great gasp and start, blushed, and returned the bow, with just the slightest nod and condescending smile. He saw with dismay that he was to her simply a menial—that he could not dare to overstep the line which divided them.

He got over his desire to shoot himself every time he was given an order in her hearing after awhile. He watched her flirtations with a gorgeous first lieutenant in bitterness of spirit, and the thought dawned on him that she was not true; but he hoped she would leave the first lieutenant when he (Saunders) should have won his spurs. But even the spurs seemed far away; he had come to understand that the jump from the uniform of an enlisted man into that of an officer is a difficult feat, or was in those days, and no chance for physical prowess presented itself. Morally he was as brave as only a man in love can be. He would have killed himself had he not been.

More courage than to carry a standard to the cannon's mouth did it take for him to obey the first order to "police," with a fatigue party, the back yards of the officers' quarters. To "police" is army for cleaning up, and it is left, as a general thing, to the prisoners who happen to be in the guard-house. But at this time there were very few prisoners, not more than one or two, for the men had been upon their good behavior, it being almost two months since the paymaster's last visit, and no cash left to be expended upon whisky at the sutler's. So Saunders sallied forth in fatigue suit—overalls and coat of canvas—and he helped the others to sweep with stable brooms and to shovel up the back yards.

In the Colonel's yard he was mercifully spared meeting Madge—it would have been, he thought, the last straw—and he did not know that from behind her filmy curtain she was watching him with amusement and pity, the while she turned about on the third finger of her left hand a large solitaire ring, and wondered what he would say when he heard of her approaching marriage to the dashing young lieutenant.

Then the police party went on its way and came at last to the yard of that very lieutenant. There was a half sheet of note paper in one of the piles of dust and rubbish which had been swept up. Saunders noticed this—noticed, though it was crumpled, that the writing upon it was Madge's pointed scrawl. He picked it up and slipped it into his pocket. It was not an honest thing to do, but he did not stop to think—he only wondered what a note of hers was doing in this man's back yard and what was in it.

When he got back to the barracks he read the note. There was enough therein to make him understand that Madge—his Madge—for whom he had given up everything, for whom he had endured so much humiliation, was to be married in one week to that first lieutenant; that she was in love—desperately in love—with him, and did not hesitate to say so. Was the man in love with her? If he was, why did he crumple up and throw away a note for which Saunders would have given his very soul?

Then Saunders looked about him with eyes opened by despair. He saw at last the barrier of caste in all its height and strength; he saw what he had done, and he shuddered. There were but two ways out of this unless he waited until his enlistment were up—four and a half more years—and that he could not do. He could kill himself, but he was young, remember; it was not to be lightly done. And—he could desert. To his mind a deserter was not what it is to a man who has been long in the service—all the

disgrace of it did not occur to him. If it had been explained to him he could not have grasped the full horror of it.

So he waited his chance for four days, and then "bolted," as his comrades termed it. He went away from the railway, thinking that he would put those who were sent after him off the scent, and after a day or two circle round to reach the drop road, which would lead him far from all this.

On the third day, as he trudged onward to the railroad, dodging like a hunted criminal behind every clump of mesquite or greasewood, he was overtaken, his hands tied behind him, and marched back to the post under guard.

At a turn of the road the party drew aside and waited for an ambulance to pass. The soldiers saluted the officer inside.

Saunders could not salute; his hands were tied. He knew the officer—it was the first lieutenant; he was going to the station with his bride. Madge looked out and saw the deserter—saw him and turned her head. —San Francisco Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cinnamon kills the typhus microbe.

Children's first teeth have a great effect upon the second set.

Soap is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection.

Substitute for glass is made from collodion wool and is flexible, not brittle.

The fiber of nettle weed is being used in the manufacture of textile fabrics.

The phosphorescence near the Cape Verde Islands is at times so bright that one can easily read the smallest print.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

A closed room is bad for sleeping, because air once breathed parts with a sixth of its oxygen, and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic gas.

The France Militaire says that the French and Spanish Governments have agreed to the boring of two railway tunnels through the Pyrenees to connect the two countries at Saint Chiron and at Oloron.

It is estimated that 12,000,000 tons of coal are used for gas making annually in England. A train of coal wagons three miles long, each wagon holding a ton, would be required to bring into London the coal for an hour's supply of gas.

That lizards will catch and eat butterflies is stated by Jane Fraser in an article in a London entomological journal. In the Samoan Islands she saw a "skipper" butterfly when lighted caught and instantly swallowed by a beautiful golden-green lizard with a bright blue tail.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known (Ophiophagus elaps) has been added to the Zoological Gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the cobra. It occurs in India, Burma and in the East Indian Archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

It has been discovered that microbes capable of germination exist in the ocean everywhere except at great depths. They seem to be more plentiful in the Canary, Florida and Labrador currents than elsewhere, and are not detected in the ocean bed. They are, however, plentiful at a depth of 1300 feet, and are found as far down as 3500 feet—certainly deep enough for all practical purposes. Some of these microbes are phosphorescent, and are found on the bodies of living fish.

Cheap Meals.

Two English institutions, framed in the interests of workmen, might well be adopted in our large cities. In London, Liverpool and half a dozen other places there are located in the main streets handsome coffee palaces, where a cup of tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, and a slice of bread and butter can be obtained for three cents. There are other cookeries to which a workman takes the slice of raw meat he will bring with him from home in the morning. In the noon hours this is cooked for him on a gridiron, and he is supplied with knife, fork, salt and pepper for three cents. Six ounces of bread with butter can be added for six cents. —St. Louis Star-Bayings.

Figs Growing in California.

For 1891 the output of cured figs in California was 360,000 pounds. The increase since that time has not been as rapid as in other branches of production, so that it is not likely that a million pounds of merchantable figs are yet produced in that State. The quality of the product has, however, greatly improved, and the prejudice in favor of the imported article is slowly giving way, so that all conditions are favorable to an almost unlimited production. —New York World.

It is said that a photograph can be taken 500 feet under water. We have seen several that ought to be taken there. —Chicago Dispatch.

Partridge & Co. Ltd.
 Black & White & Co. Ltd.
 Country just outside all around
 Castle & Co. Ltd.
 Silver & Co. Ltd.
 Spicy-like, an' sweeten' all the ground!
 By day, the sunshine streamin'
 By night, the sweetest dreamin'—
 Country just as happy as can be!
 Not a bit o' trouble,
 Singin' the an' double,
 The jolly jay just rains on you an' me!
 —YOUTH'S COMPANION.

THE "SULTAN" MYSTERY.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

IN the year 1890 I sailed in the ship *Sultan*, a vessel of seven hundred and eighty tons' burden, from the port of Liverpool, bound round the Horn to Valparaiso with a valuable general cargo. The captain was a man named Jonas Jortin.

I, who went in her as chief mate, am named William Fletcher.

We carried no second officer. Often it happened in those days that even big ships sailed with what is known as an "only mate," who was supposed to comprise in himself all that was to be expected in the shape of duty and knowledge from a first and second officer.

As I, however, hold no certificate as "only mate," I signed as chief, and the boatswain, a man named Benjamin Matthews, took the working part of second mate under me; that is, he relieved me when my watch was up, walked the decks and trimmed sail at his discretion. But he took no part in the navigation of the ship; indeed, I doubt if he knew what a sextant was, and I am not sure that he could read or write.

Captain Jortin was a tall, lean, long-faced man, with so remarkable a fall of chin that his mouth seemed to be placed almost exactly in the middle of his face. His skin was yellow; he had followed the sea for many years, but the flesh of his cheeks reflected nothing of the glow and bronze of sun and weather.

His eyes were of a dead black, like an East Indian's, without animation in their glance, and slow in their motions.

I had been struck by the figure he made when I first boarded the ship in the docks. Nothing could less correspond with the traditional notions of the old salt, with purple nose and bow legs, eyes deep sunk by peering to windward, and a stormy voice broken by years of drink and bawling, than this master of the ship *Sultan*, buttoned up as he was in a coat of clerical cut, his black hair smeared smooth as though his head was painted, limp stick-up collar and long, square-toed Wellington boots.

All went well with us till we had gone clear of the northeast trade-wind and struck the "Humbugging" parallels, as they are called, where you get sheet-calms with a wide ocean white as a level ice-field, then faint draughts crawling up in the direct line of the ship's course, painting the burnished surface with the darkling shadows like huge marine spiders creeping down from the edge of the horizon. I think our latitude was between eight and ten degrees north when, what I am going to tell you about happened.

It was the second dog-watch; the hour about half-past six; the ship's yards were braced well forward, and she was rippling along to the pressure of a three-knot breathing of air, coming hot as steam from out of the glowing pavilions of the west.

It was sickeningly close, with the menace of an electric storm in a delicate winking of violet dumb lightning away down in the southeast, where the shadow of the night was gathering, with a large star already trembling low down over the sea right ahead.

A fiddle was going upon the fore-castle-head. A sailor was chanting a ditty to the tune. Most of the ship's company were listening, lounging about the rail and against the rail, pipes in mouth. Their open shirts disclosed their money braces, their legs were bare to the knee for the comfort of the coolness, and their bearded faces reflected the angry red in the west as though every man had oiled himself.

The captain was walking aft, alone, mounting a space of the deck from ahead of the wheel and something forward of the main rigging. His gait was that of a man in a funeral procession—stiff, solemn, self-conscious.

He had not been on deck above half an hour, and in that time had not once addressed me. Not, indeed, that there was anything strange in this; mates and captains seldom converse at sea.

mates aft, from the first hour of their getting their anchor to the final hour of their letting it go.

But even had Captain Jortin been sociably disposed, he was not a sort of man I could have got on with. No one with the weight of a grievous sin upon his soul could be more melancholy and austere, more abrupt and reserved.

Matthews, the boatswain, thought to explain the man by telling me he had heard before we sailed that he had lost his wife and only daughter within a week after his return from his last voyage; but the captain never mentioned the subject nor could I satisfy myself that there was any suggestion of mourning, in that way, either in his clothes or his behavior.

I had charge of the ship this dog-watch, and was standing at the head of the starboard poop ladder, listening to the music forward. Suddenly the steward came out of the cabin under the cuddy front, and looked for a moment eagerly up at me with a white face.

I called down, "What is it?" interpreting his expression of fear into something wrong. He came half-way up the ladder and said:

"Some one's been trying to scuttle the ship, I think. I can hear water running in 'twixt the wall and the linin' in the after cabin in the steerage."

I instantly ran aft and repeated the man's statement to the captain. He looked at me steadfastly with his grave, funeral black eyes, and exclaimed in a dull slow way:

"Scuttle! Nonsense, sir! Who would commit such a crime aboard this ship?" Go below with the steward, and report what you hear and see."

I was astonished by his cool reception of a piece of news that whether the steward was mistaken or not, must be charged with significance, even in the lightest, most careless whisper of it.

I straightway descended the companion-steps, and the steward followed me by way of the cuddy front. We entered the steerage, a part of the hold under the saloon or cabin deck. Four cabins were bulkheaded off on either hand. They were now used mainly as store-rooms; in their day they had been stocked with passengers, for the *Sultan* was an old ship, and fifteen years earlier than the date of this story had not been without renown as a brisk, comfortable, roomy "liner," with regular sailings from Blackwall for Australian ports.

We entered the after cabin on the port side and stood listening. A small heave of swell ran through the lightly wrinkled sea. Sounds of the straining of cargo in the hold were audible, and you heard now and again the sudden shock and jar of the huge rudder turning with the swell, then sharply arrested by its gear. But there was no need to harken long.

In a minute or two I distinctly heard a fountain-like running of water. It was nearly dark. I bade the steward jump for a light; he returned with a lantern, and on throwing the light against that part of the lining or inner wall, whence the trickling noise proceeded, I instantly discovered two anger-holes neatly plugged.

"Good mercy!" I shouted, in a sudden fright; "the ship has been holed, and will be sinking under our feet as we stand here."

I told the steward to remain in the cabin with the lantern, and rushed on deck, shouting for the carpenter to lay aft. Whilst Shirley was coming I reported what I had seen to the captain, who stiffened himself with a dramatic start of surprise.

Muttering in a low, solemn, preaching voice, "Is it possible? Who has done such a thing?" he went below with more alacrity than I had ever before witnessed in him.

I hastily explained the steward's discovery to the carpenter, who rushed forward to his tool-chest. He came along quickly with the boatswain, and we three went below, where we found the captain in a listening posture, viewing the plugged holes by the light of the lantern he held.

The carpenter quickly whipped the plugs out, and sure enough, in the outer side, or wall, of the ship where two holes through which the brine was gushing with a diamond-like flash in the lantern-light, as the streams arched betwixt the outer wall and the inner skin, slowly filling the hold.

The holes were promptly plugged and the well sounded. Two feet of water was made. The pumps were manned and presently sucked, proving all tight and well with the anger-holes.

There was an ominous growl of wonder and temper amongst the men as they piled the brakes or stood near, waiting to relieve the pumping gang. The captain called me and asked if I had any suspicion.

"None, sir," I answered. "I can't imagine any man aboard capable of so diabolical a crime."

He took several turns, lost in thought. I saw him now, peering ahead of me, shrouded up in a sort of frock coat, hands behind him, figure erect.

A sear of young moon in the west and a great play of lightning down upon our port quarter. Presently the captain stopped and addressed me afresh; but our talk led to no other conclusion than this—that some one aboard had attempted to scuttle the ship.

All hands passed a very restless night. Captain Jortin was incessantly up and about. During the middle watch, which was mine, his shaggy figure was repeatedly shaping itself out of the companion hatch, and flitting in a ghostly fashion about the deck.

I had some earnest conversation with the boatswain and carpenter, but none of us could make head nor tail of this piece of rascality, nor in the dimmest degree conjecture who was the villain who had attempted the atrocious act.

I went below at eight bells—that is at 4 o'clock in the morning—first taking care to go the rounds of the after part of the ship, very carefully looking into each cabin and peering and listening. Somehow I had a fancy that there might be a stowaway on board, intent on a criminal purpose, in league, for all I knew, with some one interested in the vessel to defraud the underwriters. Seeing and hearing nothing I withdrew to my berth and turned in.

I slept soundly, and at eight o'clock turned out and went on deck. The first person I met was the boatswain, Matthews. He said to me: "The captain seems to have made up his mind, sir."

"On what?"

"As to the man who's holed the ship."

"Have they discovered him?"

"Jackson's in irons. That's all I can say, sir," he answered, with a singular expression of incredulity and temper in his face.

Just then the captain came out of the cuddy, and Matthews went forward.

"Mr. Fletcher," said Captain Jortin, beckoning me to him, and speaking in a low, level preaching voice, "we shall be able to prove that Jackson's the man who attempted to scuttle the ship."

"Indeed?" said I, vastly astonished. Jackson was an able seaman in my watch. I had always found him respectable, willing, alert sailor. "What in that man has excited your suspicion, sir?"

"I heard him muttering the other day," said he, "when he was at work on a sail stretched along this poop. Every time I passed he glanced askance at me and muttered. I don't like the man's looks. He has a hanging face. Then again, yesterday afternoon he was observed to go forward as though he was just come out of the cuddy."

"Who saw this, sir?"

"It's so," he answered, abruptly, with a short, spiritless stare at me, and then stepped to the binnacle.

In the course of that morning I asked the steward if it was true the man Jackson had been seen to walk out of the cuddy. He answered that, happening to come up through the steerage hatch, he had seen Jackson going forward close from the cuddy front as though the man had just stepped from the cuddy itself.

"Well, but," said I, "you were in the steerage, and had he been there with an anger, you'd have seen him, wouldn't you?"

"I don't think it was him that did it," said the man.

I looked hard at him; for to be sure, if the thing was not the work of a stowaway—of some one hidden in the steerage—it must at least be the act of a person living aft with access, without suspicion, to the cabins.

Well, nothing happened for three days after this. Then, as I well remember, it being a very beautiful, glowing forenoon watch, the wind a light breeze aft, and the ship swaying upon the delicate pulse of swell with scarce more than steerage way on her, the carpenter came from the pumps, where he had been sounding the well, and standing under the break of the poop, with the sounding-bell in his hand, called up to me:

"There's three foot of water in the hold, sir!"

The steward was on the main deck when this was said, and instantly ran into the cuddy. The captain was walking aft. I bawled the news to him, and added that if the ship had not been scuttled afloat she had sprung a leak.

He told me to call the carpenter on to the poop; and just then the steward, white as a sheet, came rushing up the companion-steps, crying out, as he sprang through the hatch, that he could hear the water running into the ship in the same cabin where the holes had before been discovered.

The captain ran below as stiffly as his stiff, angular figure would permit. I and the boatswain and carpenter and steward followed. On entering the cabin we immediately heard a loud noise of cascading waters.

It was high morning, and there was plenty of light. This time the would-be scuttler had given himself as little trouble as possible; he had simply knocked out the plugs from the ship's side, leaving the holes in the skin open.

stopped, and as on the former occasion, on our returning on deck the pumps were manned and the hold freed from water.

But now the sailors grumbled furiously. First they insisted on Jackson being released; next on the ship being narrowly searched.

From ten o'clock till four bells in the afternoon watch we were employed in overhauling the vessel. We probed every nook and cranny of her from the forepeak to the lazaret, diligently seeking likewise for any signs of a hidden man in the steerage—all to no purpose. The villain, whoever he was, must certainly be one of the ship's company.

For my part, I suspected the steward, and so did Shirley, the carpenter; Matthews did not know what to think. The captain stalked apart, gloomy and silent.

That evening, in the first dog-watch, I was in my cabin smoking a pipe, turning over in my mind some scheme for protecting our lives by stationing a watch day and night aft, and wondering if Captain Jortin would see his way to some arrangement of this sort, when the steward knocked on my door and walked in.

The fellow addressed me civilly, with an air of reluctance and astonishment.

He said Captain Jortin had just given him instructions to lock me up in my cabin, where I was to consider myself as under arrest, on suspicion of attempting to scuttle the ship. My meals would be served regularly. "I'm sorry, sir," added the fellow, "to have to do this duty."

So saying, he closed and locked the door, and I heard him withdraw the key.

I sprang from my bunk, put my pipe down, and stood overwhelmed with surprise and consternation. To be merely suspected of such a crime was to be professionally ruined.

I thought the captain must be mad to lock me up without first charging me. Why did not he confront me and accuse me in the presence of others, and give me a chance to prove my innocence? Those holes had been bored by an anger; an anger is a tool not very readily concealed in a small cabin. Why had not the captain caused my berth to be searched?

Since I knew that I was an innocent man, I cannot express how great was my grief and wrath as I paced the deck of my cabin that was now my prison, wondering with a burning heart and with throbbing brows who the real offender could be—whether it was indeed the steward, as I now perhaps in my temper was the more willing to suppose; whether, if the ship was actually sunk under our feet, as was threatened by the mysterious villain who had twice subtly sought to drown her hold, the crew would remember that I lay a helpless prisoner, locked up in my berth?

I think it was about half-past 8 when the steward unlocked the door and entered with a tray of food, some cool water and a few gills of rum in a pannikin.

He seemed very shy in his manner, and was for making haste. I bade him tell the captain I was an innocent man, and begged for an interview. He promised to deliver my message.

"And I will ask you," said I, "to remember, should they sound the well and find the ship taking in water, that I am locked up here and helpless."

He said: "Ay, ay, sir," and left the cabin, turning and withdrawing the key as before.

Captain Jortin did not come near me. All that night I lay awake. All next day I awaited a visit from him with consuming impatience. Nobody came to me but the steward, who thrice in the day brought me a meal.

On the evening of the third day of my imprisonment I was startled out of a nap by a disturbance in the cuddy outside. I heard a tramp of feet and the growling sound of seamen's voices. I thought a mutiny had happened, and listened with my heart beating hard in my ears.

Presently my door was struck upon, and the handle violently tried. Then the voice of Matthews bawled for the steward to bring the key. In a few minutes the door was swung open.

Matthews stood in the doorway; at least two-thirds of the ship's company were massed round about him.

"Come out, sir," said the boatswain; "we've discovered who's been trying to sink the ship."

"Who?"

"As I live to tell you, it's the captain himself!" cried Matthews, bringing his right fist into the palm of his left hand with a mighty report.

Half a dozen voices wanted to deliver the yarn at once. I got it clearly from the carpenter, but I was thunderstruck whilst I listened.

Half an hour before this time the steward had observed the captain come out of his berth and enter the steerage. There was something strange in his walk and aspect. The flush of the sunset was upon the sky-light; the steward saw very plainly. The captain concealed something that resembled a large parcel under the breast of his coat. The steward resolved to follow him, saw him go into the cabin where the anger-holes had been bored, and by the very faint light in that interior observed him produce an anger from under his coat and apply the tool to the plugged orifices. The

extraordinary part was that the motions of the captain were those of an automaton.

The steward fled on deck. The boatswain was in charge of the ship; he shouted to some of the crew to follow him as witnesses, and they rolled in a body into the steerage, where they found the captain coolly and mechanically boring away with his anger.

They seized him; and now it was they discovered, so they said, that the man was acting in his sleep!

This at least was the opinion of those who witnessed his behavior when he was seized. He cried out like one violently awakened, and swore he did not know where he was nor what he was doing. The men conveyed him to his cabin, locking him up in it, and then came to me.

To end this singular experience: The crew insisted upon my taking command, and practically forced me to navigate the vessel to Buenos Ayres. They would not suffer me to free the captain, who they feared would serve them some diabolical trick if I gave him his liberty.

As for him, he solemnly declared over and over again to me that he knew not what he had done, and that he had a trick of walking in his sleep.

On the arrival of the ship I went to the British Consul with my report, and he thought proper to take charge of Captain Jortin with a view of sending him to England in a British man-of-war that was then lying at Buenos Ayres. The Consul shook his head when I talked of sleep walking. He said:

"He must have brought the anger aboard with him; it formed no part of the carpenter's tool chest. Next, the ship was scuttled in daylight; I cannot somehow reconcile somnambulism with sunshine."

It was to remain a mystery, however, to the end. I was detained at Buenos Ayres by a number of our men running, and before the ship sailed the news came aboard that Captain Jortin had been found dead in his bed. The doctors found that he had died from apoplexy.

Thus the mystery remains. It never could be shown that the unfortunate man had any motive in scuttling the ship. He had no risk in her; but his command of her was a living to him, and the foundering of the vessel could only have proved an injury to himself.

Possibly madness was the true solution, though it does not quite explain, to my satisfaction, why it was that he went to sea with an anger in his cabin. —YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Killed the Father of Rattles.

The largest rattlesnake ever killed possibly in the entire State of Georgia was killed Saturday afternoon in the East Macon district. It had twenty-two rattles and a button, making it twenty-three years old. It measured a fraction over five feet in length. Nobody can be found to have heard of a rattler twenty-three years old. A snake that carries fourteen or sixteen rattles and a button is considered a monster in these parts, and is looked upon with most respectful bearing. The men had quite an exciting time killing the snake. None of them dared go within several lengths of him, and when he shook his mighty bunch of rattles the noise was awful, and struck terror to the hearts of the spectators, causing them each time to retreat farther. They finally dispatched him with a long pole. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Wild Ride on a Deer.

Dr. and Mrs. Derby, of Riverside, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Leonard, of Moreno, recently. Dr. Derby is an expert hunter, and when Mr. Leonard mentioned that there were deer in the hills back of his ranch his friend was eager for a hunt.

After tramping the hills for several hours they started a deer. The doctor fired and the animal dropped. Elated over the prospect of having killed a deer the hunter pulled his knife, threw his leg over the animal and grasped one of its horns. No sooner had the knife pricked the skin than it jumped to its feet and started bounding over the grade, the astonished hunter on its back.

Mr. Leonard at last found his friend in a sumac bush, head downward, his clothes tattered and torn. It seems that the shot had only stunned the buck, and the prick of the knife had revived it. —Morena (Cal.) Indicator.

The Head-Hunting Nagas.

Professor Peal, the ethnologist, recently described to the Asiatic Society the condition of the head hunting Nagas on the borders of Assam. The women are to blame for the continuance of the practice; they tempt the young men who are not tattooed, and the latter go out and cut off heads to exhibit to them, fully half of which are those of women and children. The area occupied by the tribe is not more than twenty miles square, but in it during the past forty years more than twelve thousand murders have been committed for the sake of these ghastly trophies. —Chicago Herald.

The largest and most beautiful emerald in the world is in the possession of the Maharajah Ki Koo, of India. It is six inches in length, one inch thick and two inches in width.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Jan. 25, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

TEACHER: "Illustrate the difference between 'acclimation' and 'acclamation'."

PUPIL: "Mr. Elkins had hardly become acclimated to the climate of West Virginia, before he was elected Senator by acclamation in the West Virginia Legislature."

TEACHER: "Right, go up head!"

OLD WAITE, is the best name we can give to the man of "bloody bride" fame. He has a lecture entitled, "Who is our Fat Friend," in which the chastened Grover Cleveland is done up in great style. Dana, Waite, and ourself are three who have not been well pleased with the way things have been going.

Of course every one was sorry to hear that Mayor Strong, of New York, opened the saloons on Sunday, but when we found he had done it without consulting Dr. Parkhurst, we were more than glad. When the good man heard it he was hurt and grieved, and virtually said that he had thought that he was the power behind the throne that was running New York. This comes as a blow to the Democratic Prohibitionists who supported Mayor Strong on the grounds that he would knock out rum. This is a split in the faction within the first month of its reign.

A Native Product.

A short time since the writer attended a public meeting held at night. It is usual in country meetings we may have lingered as the crowd broke up to catch one more sweet smile, any way we were startled to hear some wild yells outside the building which fairly made the house tremble. It sounded like a band of Comanche Indians, who are noted for their disagreeably loud yells. On rushing out we found that this unseemly noise came from an unfortunate class of young animals, known as bumpkins (*genus idiotis*), all members of which have much in common.

By a little thought and research we were able to find out a good deal about the bumpkin. It is a terror in country neighborhoods, where the law against disturbing public meetings is not rigidly enforced. It is a young man who is just trembling in the balance between making a tolerably decent citizen or a regular outcast. The bumpkins herd together, insult passers, are not only inattentive at church, but absolutely noisy, and take every opportunity of thrusting themselves into notice. By-and-by half of them will have become so criminal that they will behave themselves in public, and the other half will grow inwardly when they think what fools they once were. To be on the safe side a boy should "keep it down," for to be a bumpkin is to be noisy and loud, and to pass in the eyes of those around him as an awkward, rustic scoundrel.

On Competition.

"There once was two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they quarreled and spit, and they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their tails and the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats the world was left."

Longing is God's first heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize not longing.—Lowell

The Legislature.

The Democrats complain that they are placed on the Committees without regard to their fitness for the work. Thus a school teacher is refused a place on the Committee of Education, and an eminent financier is kept of that committee because he is a Democrat. They have given our own representative places on Committees pertaining to the Penitentiary and Railroads. Now the penitentiary is all right and the labor of this committee will not be much, but it does seem like a burlesque to place a member from this delegate district on the Railroad Committee, when there is not a foot of road in the whole of it. They discriminate against the Democrats.

After a heated contest, Senator Camden was afforded the honor of being the Democratic nominee for United States Senator, with Wm. L. Wilson a close second. The other nominations were St. Clair and J. E. Chilton. E. W. Wilson was rewarded for his work for the party in the last campaign by some very pretty resolutions, for which he will please receipt.

Our flat-footed Senator has gotten his name and picture into the Cincinnati papers, and has introduced two bills; for the establishment of a preparatory school at Montgomery, to fit boys for the University, and to found a hospital for invalids at Alderson.

They are making great efforts to change some of the Judicial Districts. Private information says that in one bill Pocahontas, Webster, and Randolph form one district. Then the cry arose among us, who would be judge? All minds were directed to Randolph County, and the resident lawyers there were discussed, but with all due respect to the Beverly bar, we came right back to Marlinton again without having found a judge. A change is not apprehended for several good reasons.

Congressman-elect Dayton is endeavoring to have Upshur County tacked on to his district. It is to be hoped that he will succeed.

The new county of Mingo, formed of a part of Logan, has a hard time of it to become established. Two towns wish to become the county-seat, and this is a disease that will go hard with an infant.

House Bill No. 80 relates to sawdust being thrown into streams. One of the biggest cases at our last term of court dealt with this question.

The school law has come up for consideration of course. One bill makes attendance one half of the time compulsory. There is to be a kind of constable called the truant officer who is empowered to look under the bed, behind the bureau, in the smoke-house, etc., in his search for truants. The parents are liable to a fine of \$2 to \$10, and are required to give bond for their compliance with the law. Another bill makes it compulsory on Boards of Education to lay levies each year for a six months school.

Among the remarkable array of bills it is not to be wondered that they have even introduced one to electrocute all criminals sentenced to death. We may have an electric plant in Pocahontas yet.

The first bill to pass both houses and become a law was the one providing for the election of special criminal judges when the regular judge is absent.

On the whole this Legislature is choking the wheels with a great multitude of bills, and getting into a muddle from which it could not extricate itself were it to have ten times the time to do it in that it actually has. An enormous lot of bills will have amounted to nothing when the honorable members reluctantly leave the capitol to return to their homes.

Great grace, as with Sir Thomas Moore,
To him must needs be given,
Who heareth better, and leaves
The heretic to Heaven.—Whittier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Thomson's Magistrate's Manual and Forms

has been Revised to this date and the Second Edition, just printed, contains about Three Hundred Forms, which should be in the hands of every Lawyer, Justice, Constable, Notary and business man of West Virginia. It contains forms in Civil and Criminal proceedings under the Code of West Virginia for Justices of the Peace, Constables' etc., and Forms for Attachments, Suggestions, Judgments, Arbitration, Unlawful Detainer, Detinue, Acknowledgments, Deeds, Bill of Sale, Power of Attorney, Notices, Depositions, Bonds, Wills, Affidavits, Liens, etc.

The Forms are numbered consecutively, and in a copious index are referred to under appropriate captions, all references being by section and chapter to the Code of West Virginia (1891) and the Acts since then.

The volume will be delivered prepaid by mail or express, on receipt of One dollar, net.

MARCELLUS M. THOMSON, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

YOU MUST EAT

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

{ West End } P. GOLDEN,
of Bridge. Marlinton, W. Va.

Notice.

I will be at Marlinton, at the McLaughlin House, January 30th, 31st and February 1st and 2d for the purpose of examining eyes and fitting spectacles and eyeglasses. I have a complete outfit for making examinations and can furnish spectacles to suit any person's eyes. All examinations free of charge.

I am also prepared for mending all kinds of fine Jewelry, watches, and clocks. All my work guaranteed.
J. A. LOWE.

The Sole

purpose of this advertisement is to call your attention to the remarkable wearing qualities of our well-known driving shoes.

THE SOLE

will outwear any \$6.50 shoe on the market, and you will never again be troubled with corns; the result of ill-fitting foot-gear. Why pay more. For sale only by

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Important to You—

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, polio, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bow-trembles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.
Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Allegheny, w. va.

Get the News at the Lowest Price.

THE DAILY GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The WEEKLY GAZETTE only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address, THE GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

Justice's blanks fifty cents per hundred. All job work neatly done.

Love is a game at which both players always cheat.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless H. H. McClinton as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$167.40, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by said D. W. Loudermilk, and said H. H. McClinton having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said H. H. McClinton, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder, for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Trustee.

Jan. 25, 1895.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Board, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 189m

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Fanny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pains.

Sold Everywhere. Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain!

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE LOT NEAR MARLINTON.

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Heyner and S. E. Heyner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee; dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 25, on page 351, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Heyner, for \$300 with interest thereon from the 7th day of July, 1894, payable to T. W. G. French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlinton Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Heyner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book No. 25, page 287, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular description of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. BROWN, Trustee.
ANDREW PRICE, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, et al.
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 10th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.
[1-11-95-46]

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895.
W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.
[1-11-95-46]

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.
George C. Hill's Adm'r.

Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 18th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, con testamento annexo, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 31st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personality of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real estate of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend.
L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Commissioner.
1-11-95.

HOME NEWS

—Dr. C. W. Eskridge has been appointed post master at Academy.

—Died: at Huttonsville, January 16th, Mrs. Hutton, aged mother of Col. Elihu Hutton.

—Mr. S. M. Gay is putting Dr. McClintic's cherry on the river bank at the Levi Gay wharf.

—The highest winds of the season prevailed last Friday night, smashing the glass front of the drug store.

—Mr. Withrow McClintic has just returned from a business trip to Ronceverte and Covington. On his return he came from Ronceverte to his home in eight hours.

—The New market Riding and Driving association, of Mingo, will have a steeple chase, on point to point race, on February 15th. The highest jump will be over a barrier of about five feet.

—Capt. Roake piloted an immense raft past Marlinton last Tuesday evening for Callison and Dr. McClintic. Quite a number of rafts have been tied up near the Falling Spring dam the past week waiting for a suitable tide.

—HARD! What is hard? To beat my prices.—EASY! What is easy? To secure the bargains I am offering in Ladies' Wraps and Hats, Gents' Overcoats and Suits.

P. GOLDEN.

—Porter Kellison and John Atkins about a year since leased a piece of land on Buck's Run for six years, built a comfortable cabin, raised an excellent crop of corn, and one of the best gardens in the community. One head of cabbage weighed 27 lbs. The tomatoes were very fine. So these young men are keeping bachelor's hall on good and full rations.

—Last week a fox driven desperate by hunger came right into this town and captured a chicken which was roosting in its owner's back yard. He returned the second night and pulled the tail feathers out of an old hen. The old hen seemed mortified to death the next day. Judging from his track, the fox was a big one.

—The town has two rival literary societies which are both flourishing. The members of the younger society, waylaid, and snowballed the president of the older society last Friday night. He took refuge in a convenient law office, and was kept treed until two o'clock next morning. It is exceedingly painful to be snowballed on a dark night, when you are carrying a lantern.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. R. M. Beard, agent for the "Peerless Feed Grinder," found in another column. This is a machine which is selling like wildfire. It grinds any grain and will make good corn meal or crush corn in ear. With it Mr. C. E. Beard prepares feed for over a hundred head of cattle. Farmers can save the amount of cost in mill toll the first year.

—Mr. John Levisay, near Frankfort, died last Thursday at an advanced age, of general debility. He was a person highly esteemed in all the relations of life. For many years he was a conscientious member of the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Dr. Sydenstricker and Mrs. Dr. Larue, of Hillsboro, are his daughters, and Mr. Allan Levisay, so well known about Marlinton, is one of his surviving brothers.

—The Greenbrier Independent has had some articles on the subject of protecting skunks. The argument in its favor are that it eats grubs and other enemies of grain and grass, which are set off partially by its habits of raiding the chicken-house. If natural history goes for any thing, the skunks on the whole is the farmer's good friend though its habits do not commend it to be taken into his house otherwise than figuratively. The reason its extermination is feared is because the skin of a skunk is worth about a dollar, if it is naturally black, and the hunter can black the white ones. A law against the killing of the animal would be easily enforced. The skunk would be harder to eradicate than the grain of human blood, and the poison could be brought into contact with the skunk, where the jury would convict him without having the law.

—From the following local from the Hinton Independent-Herald it seems that none of the St. Lawrence Company's logs passed out into New River at the breaking of a part of the boom by the ice:

"A telegram was received here last Friday by Mr. Clarke James, stating that the Ronceverte boom had broken and 15,000 logs were coming down with the current. A great many of our boatmen, anxious to earn the 40 cents each offering for their capture built large fires along the bank and sat up all night to await their coming. Alas! not a log came. Presumably they had all been stopped at Lowell and other points above. Several of our citizens earned quite neat little sums that day and the day before as the result of their skill in log catching and boating."

—For sale by E. H. Moore & Co., Academy, W. Va., corn, wheat and oats at the very lowest price for spot cash. Salt, \$2.25; Arbuckle Coffee, 25c; Coal Oil, 18c; Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs for \$1.00; Calicoes, 5 to 7c; Gingham, 5 to 10c; Best cotton, 8c; Cotton yarn 85c a bale; Honey Drip Syrup, 45c per gallon. Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes as low as the lowest. Every thing else in proportion.

—The first impressions of children who have never seen snow are often very comical. Mr. F. Hubbell, whose little daughter Fannie, a bright little girl of about four, is a citizen of the State of Mississippi. When she first saw the snow she ran to her mother to come and see the "Sugar on the roof."

—DIED: on Swago, Saturday, the 19th, inst., John Wiford, aged 57 years. He leaves a widow and four young children to mourn his loss. He was a member of the Methodist Protestant church, and was buried at Bethel church Monday afternoon. Services by Revs. Hart and Price.

Personal.

Capt. Smith is jollier than ever, since the company came out so well with the ice and logs.

Mr. Peter Hill, of Jacob, did not call at this office last week. No, not at all! But he sent in two dollars on subscription, and that answered the purpose every bit as well.

Mr. Levi Gay is a man after our own heart. He supports this paper by taking quite a club list of subscribers, and ever and anon he contributes towards "the success of the Times."

Dr. McClintic, and Wm. Callison, Esq., were here on Monday.

J. E. Barlow, Esq., of Edray, was in Marlinton on business as administrator of the Josiah Barlow estate.

Mr. T. McClintic, treasurer of Bath County, is visiting his brother, Dr. McClintic, at Academy.

Mr. Forrest Beard, of Academy, was in town on Tuesday.

Messrs. N. J. Brown and E. I. Holt made a business trip to Marlinton on Tuesday.

Youth and beauty enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. H. A. Yeager on the evening of the 23rd. Dancing and other amusements made up the attractions and all spent a most delightful time.

J. A. Riley, Esq., of Green Bank, was in our town on Wednesday.

Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, passed on his way to visit his daughter Mrs. McNeel who is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Coal on Locust Creek.

All the geologists will be thunderstruck to learn that coal has been found on the river ridges of the Greenbrier River, near Locust Creek, in the lower end of the county. According to all their lore we might as well expect to find coal up a tree. Mr. T. F. Callison, of Locust, has been using a most excellent quality of coal which is found on the ridge overlooking the Greenbrier, the surface of which is covered with oak trees and laurel brakes. The thickest vein is about thirty inches. The proof of the coal is in its burning, which it does nicely, it being the principal fuel used by Mr. Callison this winter. Hereafter we were told that there was no coal in Pocahontas was on her Western boundary and that on the top of the highest knolls.

Hillsboro.

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood at present.

Mrs. Bettie Burgess, wife of Mr. Wm. H. Burgess, of this place, died on the 15th, inst., of consumption, aged 62 years. During the last week of her illness she suffered intensely, but bore it with surprising fortitude. She was a member of the M. E. Church South, an Exemplary Christian, a devoted wife, a kind and loving mother, possessing many noble qualities of mind and heart, she stood high in the estimation of all who knew her. The bereaved husband and children have the sympathy of the whole community in their affliction.

Little Charley son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Kinnison died on last Friday morning aged about 3 years.

"Gone! from a world of pain and woe, Gone! from death—from sin's alloy. Gone! from temptations wiles and oh! Gone! Gone! from grief to endless joy."

Mattie Tibbs wife of Howard Tibbs (Col.) gave birth to a male child on the 15th, who lived until the next day and died.

On Wednesday the 16th, at the residence of James Goff near here, Mr. Wm. Pritt and Earnie Blankenship, were united in marriage by the Rev. A. C. Hamill. May they safely weather life's tempestuous sea.

Mr. Madison Woods, living on Hill's Creek does not have the trouble of putting up ice; a short distance from his house there is a large cave, the entrance to which is perhaps 20 feet wide, and 6 feet high; running through it there is a small stream of water also some pools of water which freeze solid during extremely cold weather making a large quantity of good ice which does not entirely melt away until the latter part of July. This cave has the usual complement of "domes" "chambers" "passages" "pits" etc. and in point of smoothness and uniformity of the same rivals all the caves in that section of country.

Mrs. Mary Sydenstricker and Mrs. Lillian Larue left for Frankfort on last Friday morning to attend the burial services of their father Mr. John Livesay who died on the 18th, inst.

Mr. Wm. Hultz while chopping wood last week made a misslick and cut an ugly gash in his left foot.

Our Post Mistress, Mrs. A. S. Clark whose efficient management of the post office has often been the subject of remark, was removed recently because of her political views, and C. W. Eskridge appointed in her stead.

The Free School closed here on last Friday. "JENKINS."

Dunmore.

Cold and slickery.

We have on the sick list Miss Lena McLaughlin, Mrs. N. D. Swecker, Mrs. Geo. N. Tacy, and Mr. Ellis Curry. Dr. Austin is rendering medical aid.

Judge Moore leaves to-day for Clifton Forge, to be gone a month or so.

The little boys have had quite a bit of fun the last week or two, sliding down the hills. Judge Moore says it is not a violation of the constitution for a boy to slide down a hill and tear the seat out of his pants; provided the old man does not take him to the woodshed and talk to him with a bed slat. It is a little hard on the bed-slat sometimes.

Mr. Ed Kline moved this week to Frost. This leaves an empty house and blacksmith shop in town.

Rev. John A. Taylor has turned out to be a fireman, he is now firing an engine.

Prof. J. T. Miller was in town last week. He will return in the spring and teach a singing school or two.

Prof. Samuel Adams has a singing class at Green Bank.

Mr. Wash Oliver was out to Beverly last week with a wagon. He had to shovel snow one day on Cheat Mountain.

Mr. Q. W. Poage was among our people last week looking after the horsey tribe.

Miss Josie S. Walker closed her school here last week, and will return to her home in Lynchburg soon.

WANTED: some merchant in the Green Bank District to buy a stock of cross cut saw files; say one-half dozen. TIM.

How true the saying of Carlyle: "All honest men will bear watching. It is the rascals who cannot stand it."

The Problem Department.

To use a homely but very suggestive expression, the editor of this department "busted" on a certain problem given recently. That problem was "What two numbers have for their product 353,925, and for their sum 1,254?" Owing to a typographical error, Mr. S. C. Austin of the Lewisburg Graded School answered that the problem was not capable of solution from the numbers given. Not knowing that the difficulty was occasioned by an error of the compositor, we blithely declared that it could not be solved except by guesswork, and so implicitly are we trusted that ninety-nine of a hundred of our readers didn't know but what we were right. It turns out, though, that it is "an example of quadratic equations" from solutions received from Mr. Austin and from Mr. Richard K. Meade, the able journalist in the employ of the Hinton Independent-Herald, and Mr. James Barnett, of Driftwood.

We have on our table a number of lengthy solutions of which we despair of giving any thing but the answers.

Mr. H. C. Correll, of the Lewisburg Graded School, sends us the solution by algebra, and Mr. J. B. White, one of our veteran teachers the solution by arithmetic of the two problems given in our last:

1. Three men own a grindstone, 2 feet 8 inches in diameter: how much must each grind off to get an equal share, allowing 6 inches waste for the aperture? Ans. 2.822 in, 3.621 in., and 6.557 in.

2. A, B, and C are joint owners of a farm. C's share is worth \$400, A's share is $\frac{1}{2}$ of B's, and the sum of their shares is $\frac{6}{8}$ the value of the farm. Find the value of the shares held by A and B. Ans. A's share, \$300; B's share, \$900.

In answer to the first problem, in which the heirs of every man who owns a grindstone must be vitally interested, a man who was evidently suffering from an "unknown quantity" of something, suggests that we weigh the grindstone and each grind off his number of pounds. This appeals to the editor's sense of fitness.

Mr. Wallace Jackson, of Marlinton, and Miss Emma Burner, of Green Bank, also send correct solutions to the first problem above.

We are going to change the name of this department to that of the "Want Column," under which we propose to ask those famous questions which "a wise man can't answer," and to fight a little more shy of mathematics.

Clover Lick.

News scarce, but snow in plenty.

Sunday of the 13th, was cold. Thermometer 16° below the cold place. Godfrey Geiger says the mercury in his thermometer was frozen up in a ball.

Mr. P. Golden passed on his way to Linwood. He was accompanied by J. H. Doyle. The road across the mountain is difficult to travel and must be opened up.

Mr. Frank Hamilton passed the other day with a large drove of hogs, which he butchered. This pork is for sale.

We are glad to note that Mr. Mac McAlpin, the old gentleman, is improving slowly.

Mr. Phil Kramer, and J. H. Doyle captured two raccoons from one tree the other day.

Mr. Levi Beverage and Henry Waugh dug five polecats from one den, and left the sixth one in. Fur buyers should come to Clover creek for we Democrats intend to make the fur fly.

Mr. John Beverage killed three fox-boys the other day, two of Capt. Allen's, and one of Dr. Ligon's, which were killing his sheep.

John Shinnberry, and Howard Meeks had sheep killed, by Mr. Meek's dogs. The dogs were killed. Burnett Hambrick killed his dogs for killing sheep.

Bobt. Beverage caught a fox with his hands last week.

PUMPKINHEAD

THE COMING WOMAN.—Minneapolis women who are going to vote this fall should remember that they cannot use a hat pin to scratch a ballot with.—Minneapolis Journal.

"Are you going to vote the straight ticket, dear?" "The straight ticket? Do you mean to say that any of them are out on the bias?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Information Wanted.

The following from Rev. A. C. Hamill will explain itself:

Information wanted in regard to Ballard Brown who was a soldier in the Confederate army during the late war, and who died near the "Little Levels" in Pocahontas county, at the home of a widow lady by the name of either McCoy, or McClintic. The object of this inquiry is to ascertain if possible the place of his burial and locate his grave. Any one able to give information in regard to this, will please communicate with me at Academy, Pocahontas county, W. Va.

A. C. HAMILL.

Green Bank.

We are having very changeable weather this winter, which is very unhealthy, but the health of this part of the county is good.

Mrs. George Tacy, of Buck Alleghany, is on the sick list, Dr. Austin attending physician.

Mr. Wardell Arbogast came home last week from Front Royal where he had been attending school, on account of fever in the school.

Mr. H. Nathan, of Academy, was in this vicinity, this week a few days buying cattle and sheep.

Mrs. W. H. Hall is able to be out about the house a little.

Mr. Ellis Curry has been confined to his room for some time with rheumatism, but is better at this writing. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice!

To my Patrons of Edray and Vicinity:—I wish to say I am better prepared at present to meet your wants in everything that pertains to the merchantile trade than I ever was while in business at Edray, and will make it to your advantage to come to Marlinton to trade with me. I will make special bargains to repay you for your extra trouble.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of same, I remain, yours anxious to please,

P. GOLDEN,

Marlinton W. Va.

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,

vs.

Jannie B. Skiles, et als., defts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for \$500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for \$500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven months after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for \$500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James B. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 7th day of January, 1895.

J. H. PATTERSON,

R. S. TURK, p. 4.

Clerk.